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THE PLAY  
OF  
**Father Manners**

FROM  
The Original Romance of the Same,

BY

THE AUTHOR

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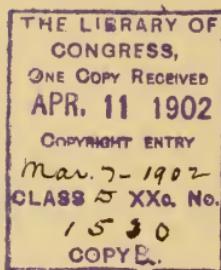
NEW YORK

1902

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New York

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*In the Episcopal Church, in both the United States and England, there are brotherhoods of monks under the three-fold vow.*

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FATHER MANNERS.  
THE BISHOP OF PETERTON.  
JACK GOODENOUGH.  
MR. LILYDALE.  
LAWYER JOSHUA JONES.  
MR. WAGSTAFF.  
ESTHER, A SERVANT.  
ANOTHER SERVANT.  
MRS. LITCHFIELD-PENDERGAST.  
MRS. WAGSTAFF.  
MRS. WILBERFORCE WILLING.  
MRS. HARTSHORNE.  
MISS NANCY PETERS.  
MISS LILY LILYDALE.  
MRS. JONES.  
MRS. LILYDALE.  
MRS. VAN DER SMYTHE.  
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' GUILL.  
A QUARTETTE OF MALE VOICES.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Parlor in the residence of Mrs. Wagstaff. Enter ladies of the Ladies' Guild, at intervals, received by Mrs. Wagstaff. They exchange greetings as they enter.

*Enter Mrs. Hartshorne.*

MRS. HARTSHORNE—Will the Reverend Mr. Manners be present with us to-day, Mrs. Wagstaff?

MRS. WAGSTAFF—You will have to ask Mrs. Van der Smythe that. She, you know, had the pleasure and honor of entertaining Mr. Manners over Sunday, on the occasion of his last visit to Squantum.

*Enter Mrs. Van der Smythe.*

Here she is now. We were just speaking of you, Mrs. Van der Smythe. As you entertained Mr. Manners last Sunday, perhaps you can tell us if he will be present to-day?

MRS. VAN DER SMYTHE—I'm sure I can't. It was very little that I saw of him; only at supper on Saturday and at breakfast on Sunday, and again at breakfast at half-past six on Monday morning. For he dined on Sunday at Mrs. Lilydale's, and took tea with Mrs. Jones; and he just looked in on me on his way upstairs on Sunday evening after church to say good-night.

*Enter Mrs. Jones.*

MRS. JONES—Well, ladies, I happened to overhear what you were saying as I was taking off my things in the hall; and if I may be so embolden as to state my own plain, private opinion publicly expressed, the minister won't be here to-day. And for my part and his own sake I just

hope he won't. And if I must say it, why, I will say it, and then you'll all be the wiser for it, and Mr. Manners and the mission here the better for it. And it's just this: We women in this Society—I say *we* for manners, I mean for good manners, not for Mr. Manners, the minister—we women, when he is here, just keep him gadding over this town from one end of it to the other. If the poor, young man had as many legs as Boreas, or some such man, like I once read about in some fairy book, had arms—

A VOICE—A hundred.

MRS. H.—You mean Briaræus, Mrs. Jones; that was his name.

MRS. J.—What difference does it make? I say Botherus, then, or whatever you call him—

VOICE—A hundred—he had a hundred.

MRS. J.—he couldn't go fast enough; no, a hundred couldn't do it, calling here and calling there—on this one and on that one. Fathers alive! I think it's out of all character. Don't we know—

MRS. H.—And I think it's out of all character, too, for Mrs. Jones to dilate further on this topic.

MRS. J.—Oh! Do you? And "topic," do you say? Please expound yourself, Mrs. Hartshorne.

VOICE—You said something, Mrs. Jones, about the minister's having a hundred legs.

MRS. J.—For shame—you, over there—Mrs. What's your name! I deny the computation, and defy you to prove it.

MRS. W.—Allow me, ladies, to make you acquainted—Mrs. Litchfield-Pendergast, Mrs. Jones; Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Litchfield-Pendergast.

*(Mrs. Jones rises and makes a very low bow.)*

Allow me to say, also, Mrs. Litchfield-Pendergast, that I think you should withdraw your remark.

MRS. LITCHFIELD-PENDERGAST—For mercy's sake, then, let me withdraw it. But if I wanted to argue the matter, I could prove it.

MRS. J.—Prove what? That the minister's got a hundred legs?

MRS. L.-P.—That you said so. But I withdraw the remark. I'm sure I do not want to have any controversy over it.

MRS. J.—If you mean argument, Mrs.—Madam—Penfield-Lithograph—I can argufy some myself. My husband ain't a lawyer for nothing. But I am a lady, too; and I except your apologies.

MRS. H.—If I may be allowed to continue: Parish calls are a necessity. How could we get acquainted with the new minister unless he called to see us? If you, Mrs. Jones, think Mr. Manners is tiring himself out, going about making parish calls, why don't you start a subscription, and head the list yourself, to get him a horse and carriage?

MRS. J.—Yes, that would be impractical, now wouldn't it? And you might add, Mrs. Hartshorne, a driver in delivery. We—a poor church mission, just started, without three cents in the treasury, and not knowing yet whether we are a-foot or a-horseback ourselves!

MRS. H.—I call the lady to order.

MRS. J.—*Not*, if *you* please, Mrs. Hartshorne—*not yet*. We haven't begun yet.

VOICE—Haven't begun?

MRS. J.—No, indeed. The meeting hasn't been called to orders yet; and how can Mrs. Hartshorne call me to orders when there ain't any orders here?

VOICE—Why, I thought the meeting was begun and we were going on regular.

MRS. H.—I now move, Mrs. President, that the regular

monthly meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Mission in Squantum be called to order.

VOICE—I second the motion.

MRS. WILBERFORCE WILLING—All please say Aye.

ALL—Aye.

MRS. J.—I say Aye, too. I'm not going to be shut off that way.

MRS. W. W.—Ladies will now please come to order. Mrs. Secretary will please read the minutes—

MRS. J.—Why, it's twenty minutes to four now.

MRS. W. W.—I mean, Mrs. Jones, the minutes of the last meeting.

MRS. J.—Oh! I beg pardoning.

SECRETARY (Mrs. Van der Smythe) reads: At the last, which was also the first, meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Mission in Squantum, held on Thursday, January fourteenth, at the home of Mrs. Lilydale, it was resolved that the ladies of the recently established Episcopal Mission in Squantum, diocese of Peterborough, be organized into a Society to be known as the Ladies' Guild; which was done; and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Wilberforce Willing; Secretary, Mrs. Van der Smythe; Treasurer, Mrs. Wagstaff. Resolved, also, that the subject of the next regular meeting be the name for the new parish. Meeting duly adjourned to Thursday, February fourteenth, at the house of Mrs. Wagstaff.

MARY LOUISA VAN DER SMYTHE,  
Secretary.

PRESIDENT—What is your pleasure, ladies?

MRS. J.—I move that the minutes be expected.

MRS. H.—Allow me, Mrs. Jones; you mean accepted.

MRS. J.—I mean just that. I mean excepted, and I say excepted. And why shouldn't they be? Who objects to them? I mean what I say, and say, and always do, what I mean, if *you* please, Mrs. Hartshorne.

MRS. W. W.—Will someone please second that motion?

MRS. J.—I second it, too. I stand by what I say.

MRS. W. W.—All in favor of this motion, please say Aye.

ALL—Aye.

MRS. H.—I rise to a point of order. This is irregular. It is not for Mrs. Jones to second her own motion. I now second it.

MRS. J.—And how long since, I'd like to know? It's getting altogether too much of a how-d'y-e-do, if a woman can't second her own motive.

MRS. W. W.—I beg the meeting's pardon. Mrs. Harts-horne is correct. I ventured, as it was a mere formality—

MRS. H.—I also venture to call the President's attention to the necessity of observing the formalities of due parliamentary—

MRS. J.—Where did you get that long word?

MRS. H.—I will tell you later—the formalities of due parliamentary proceeding. This is among the first meetings of the Guild; and we may be called upon before the law, if any question of property should become involved, to answer for their regularity.

MRS. W. W.—I only wish there were some property in sight—just enough to justify the last speaker in the apprehension she has expressed. However, be it much or little, I gracefully acknowledge the oversight. Again; the motion to accept the minutes being duly made and seconded, all in favor please say Aye.

ALL—Aye.

MRS. W. W.—It is carried.

MRS. J.—I hope there is no danger of our getting mixed up in a lawsuit about things. If there is, I, for one, want to resign right here and now. But, before I do, you all know my husband is a lawyer, and a good one; and if there should be any law business on hand, I'll warrantee

his services for a detainer, and his fee can go for his subscription to the minister's salary; it won't be heavy—his subscription, I mean; and I reckon the salary won't be heavy, either.

MRS. W. W.—I think I can speak for all present and tender Lawyer and Mrs. Jones the thanks of the Society in advance.

And now, ladies, the question before the meeting is the name—what shall it be?—of the Episcopal Church in Squantum? Please do not all speak at once.

MRS. H.—I suppose we have all given the matter some thought during the past week. I propose that each one of us, beginning with the president, mention in turn the name she or her husband may have selected—

MRS. J.—Her *husband*? What have our husbands got to do with it? They've nothing to say in this meeting. We're not beholden to them *here*.

MRS. H.—*Here*, Mrs. Jones, as everywhere else, when it comes to *paying the bills*.

MRS. J.—There is something in that. I'm agreed; go on.

MRS. H.—the name she or her husband may have selected as her choice; and after they have all been declared, we proceed to vote upon them; the one receiving the largest number of votes being of course the one to be preferred.

MRS. W. W.—Has anyone any objection to offer to this plan? Then it is accepted. And as it begins with me, I propose the name of St. Dorcas.

MRS. J.—Who was that woman?

MRS. H.—Are we not, ladies, a little previous in this business? It seems to me like choosing the name for a child; and, if I may be allowed the figure of speech, for we are all women here, the child has not been born yet.

MRS. J.—That's just the way it strikes me, too, and we don't know whether it is going to be a boy or a girl, either. And, to stretch Mrs. Hartshorne's figment of speech, as

she calls it, we haven't any church vesture yet, nor a meeting house—not even clothes to put on it or a cradle to put it in. We're in too much of a hurry. We'd better wait and see. Maybe there won't be any parish. The whole thing may peter out.

MRS. L.-P.—I don't think that is a good argument.

MRS. J.—You don't? I'd like to see you, Mrs. Penfield-Lithograph, make a better one.

MRS. W. W.—I think we are bound, ladies, to take some action in the matter by the resolution passed at the last meeting, and also that I see an easy way to arrive at a choice and settle the question. Each one of us will write on a slip of paper, which the secretary will furnish, the name which she prefers, and we will place them in a hat, as the men do when they vote.

VOICE—Won't that be great—to vote as the men do!

MRS. W. W.—Then the secretary will shut her eyes or be blindfolded—

FIRST VOICE—Let her be blindfolded.

SECOND VOICE—Yes, by all means.

ALL—Yes, yes; blindfolded.

MRS. W. W.—and draw out two slips, and between the two names thus drawn we will decide by vote which one to take for the name of the new parish. For, I can assure you, Mrs. Jones, and all other doubting Thomases, that the mission here is going to succeed, with the help of Mrs. Lilydale and some of the rest of us who know no such word as fail.

MRS. J.—Why, then, isn't Mrs. Lilydale here? I don't see her.

MRS. W. W.—That reminds me, ladies. She asked me to make her excuses, as she is unavoidably detained, and to add that she herself pledges a lot and five hundred dollars as her subscription to the church building we have in view;

which, Mrs. Jones, I think a sufficient answer to your proposition to put off the choice of a name.

Mrs. J.—I have nothing more to say—no; that settles *me*; nothing more to say; except that it was Mrs. Hartshorne's imposition.

Mrs. H.—You mean proposition.

(*Mrs. Jones looks daggers at Mrs. Hartshorne; but says nothing.*)

Mrs. W. W.—Have you the slips ready, Mrs. Van der Smythe? Kindly distribute them.

(*After the distribution.*)

Mrs. V.—But what shall I collect them in? We haven't a man here to furnish us with a hat.

Mrs. W. W.—I had not thought of that.

Mrs. J.—And I'm sure these trifling, foolish, fashionable headgear, we women wear nowadays and call bonnets and rainsboroughs, won't do—one as small as a thimble and the other as big as an umbrella. I wouldn't go inside of a church that was named out of such frippery. It's the Reverend Mr. Manners' duty to be here looking after his work, if only to have his hat handy. By the way, Mrs. Van der Smythe, don't you admire the overcoming style of hat he wears? I do. I think it's just the proper and proposing thing for a minister.

Mrs. H.—Why, Mrs. Wagstaff, there's your husband's hat!

Mrs. W.—Why, yes, yes; I hadn't thought of it.

*Exit Mrs. Wagstaff, to get the hat.*

Mrs. J.—She's been still as a mouse all through the meeting; but they say she wears the breeches when her husband's home, and there's no company around.

*Re-enter Mrs. W. with hat.*

I was saying, Mrs. Wagstaff—and what I say I'll say to your face, so no one will measure it off to you with a yard-

stick behind my back—that as you wear the breeches in this house it's no wonder that you forget your husband wears a hat.

ALL—Ha, ha, ha!

VOICE—That's a good one on you, Mrs. Wagstaff.

MRS. W.—Well, I suppose it would be no use my denying it on my own unsupported testimony. And I can add his word to their becoming style when I do wear them, that I make the handsomest and prettiest boy he ever saw. Maybe it isn't my turn to laugh now. And one more thing: if I do sometimes put on his trousers, he has no use for corsets; to which some of the young men of the smart set in this town are addicted. Nor did anyone ever yet catch him in long clothes, pleading the baby act.

ALL—Ha, ha, ha!

A VOICE—Good for you, Mrs. Wagstaff. This is your inning.

MRS. J.—Well, I guess we're quits on that.

*(The secretary collects the slips. They blindfold her, and she draws out two. Mrs. Wilberforce Willing takes them and reads:)*

St. Dorcas.

MRS. J.—Why, that was yours. It ain't fair.

MRS. W. W.—How so?

ALL—Certainly it's fair.

MRS. W. W.—And St. Mathew. There we are, ladies; your choice lies between St. Dorcas and St. Mathew.

MRS. J.—Who wrote the other? Let us see the handwriting.

*(They all look.)*

MRS. J.—I'll never try to read my husband's own handwriting for him again, Mrs. Van der Smythe, if you didn't write that slip.

ALL—Yes, yes—Mrs. Van der Smythe's handwriting.

Mrs. J.—And, now I come to think of it, why, ain't that the minister's name—Mathew? Mathew Manners? The very same; to be sure it is. Well—I hope you're satisfied, Mrs. Van der Smythe. Mathew for the minister and Mathew for the church, and maybe Mathew for—well, you ain't the first pretty young widow that—no, no; I'm getting too—too previous as Mrs. Penfield-Lithograph—oh, it was you, Mrs. Hartshorne, said,—and I won't say what I was a-going to. But, ladies, Mr. Mathew Manners, if I'm any judge of character, and I pride myself that I am, is a modest young man; and I'm afraid he'll be somewhat embargoed,—ain't that the word?—embargoed, or embarrassed; I guess that's it—in his work and ministry among us by having the very church named after him. How about it, Mrs. Van der Smythe? What do *you* think?

Mrs. V.—I think, Mrs. Jones, you're a little off, or rather, not altogether on, on Mr. Manners' name, my own inclination in the matter included. His full name is Mathew Louis. If I were going to name the church for him, I should decidedly prefer the second name and call it St. Louis'.

Mrs. J.—I think I would, too. His name Louis and yours Louisa—birds of a feather, etc. A pretty, cooing pair you'd make, too.

Mrs. W.—But, Mrs. Jones, the name hasn't been decided on yet. We are to choose between that and the other, St. Dorcas.

Mrs. J.—Between which—St. Mathew and St. Dorcas, or St. Dorcas and St. Louis? Between the three I reckon the minister will win. And I hope, for your sake, Mrs. Van der Smythe, he will.

Mrs. W.—And now, ladies, as the afternoon is wearing on, and tea is ready to be served, to which I invite you all to stay—

Mrs. J.—I can't, I can't; I must go.

MRS. W.—You must not go—you all must stay. I promised my husband that pleasure.

MRS. J.—Pleasure!

MRS. W.—I expect him home every minute. And I now move that the choice between the two names drawn from the hat be postponed to the next meeting,—to be held,—where?

MRS. J.—At my house, ladies, if you please, and to stay to supper, too. Mrs. Wagstaff, you shall not get the best of me this way.

MRS. W.—To be held, then, at Mrs. Jones' this day month, and we adjourn to that day.

VOICE—I second the motion.

MRS. W. W.—All in favor, please say Aye.

ALL—Aye.

MRS. W.—Will you walk out, ladies? Tea is ready.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE II.—Parlor in house of Mr. Lilydale.

*Enter Miss Peters, reading the Bishop's letter.*

“To our Beloved Sister in the Church: Greeting, and the Episcopal Benediction.—We have this day received your communication, dear friend and elect lady, and it fills the heart of our Episcopate with renewed hopes, as touching the future prosperity of the Church in our Patriarchate, toward which I joy to find you more than ever fulfilling faithfully the kind offices of a mother in Israel. And we hasten to assure you that we have this new opportunity, so providentially opened to us, upon our serious mind the last thing lying down and the first thing rising up. We feel that the broaching of a subject so delicate calls for great deliberation and address. Our excellent young dea-

con is worthy of the best; and we repose implicit confidence, as you, our most dear sister, know, in your judgment and care of so important an interest. We will counsel him, when we shall have decided on the way most meet and effective in which to approach him on the subject. Esteemed friend and sister, the Episcopal household salutes you.

Ever faithfully,

"T. TITUS PETERTON."

Amen—amen. It seems almost the answer to my prayer. The dear, good Bishop!—he is my only human hope in this business of such delicacy and interest;—my first and last—yes, my last resource; for to whom else can I appeal—or even mention the matter? Certainly not I myself to Mr. Manners. He would think me interested—a matchmaker, and the result would be, I may well fear, the very defeat of this my life's last, best and fondest desire and ambition for the beloved child of my heart, who so manifestly, to my own eyes,—oh, why does he not see it, too?—has lost her own heart in him. Yes—yes, the Bishop, the Bishop only, is the one to approach Mr. Manners—

*Enter Miss Lilydale.*

MISS LILYDALE—Ah, aunty, a letter from Mr. Manners? May I see it?

MISS PETERS—No, no, my child; it is not from him; but a personal letter from his lordship, the Bishop. There; you may know from the envelope. Something that particularly interests me, Lily.

MISS L.—But, aunty, whatever interests you interests me, doesn't it?

MISS P.—Everything, dear,—excepting my confessions; and the Bishop, you know, is my Father confessor.

MISS L.—True, aunty; but I might be interested in them, too; and I heard you mention Mr. Manners, as I came in. Isn't it something concerning him as well? Ah, aunty,

please let me see it. Have you been confessing to the Bishop that you are in love with him?

Miss P.—With which, the Bishop himself, or Mr. Manners?

Miss L.—Oh, no; with the Bishop, of course.

Miss P.—I might be, if I were of your age, and he were—were Mr. Manners—As it is, or rather, as it was, once, long—so long ago, the Bishop and I were, in a half way fashion, mutual admirers—hardly lovers; no, not lovers, Lily.

Miss L.—But you must have had a lover, aunty, a real, downright lover—someone, when you were young?

Miss P.—Some time I will tell you, Lily. Not to-day, dear.

Miss L.—Why not to-day, aunty? I feel just like listening to a real, true love story.

Miss P.—It is too old, Lily,—too old, my darling, and too long. We are expecting Mr. Manners, you know, to make the promised call with you on poor Mrs. Williams.

Miss L.—Well, aunty, this is the only secret,—this and the Bishop's letter, that you have kept from me. So, look out, or I may have one to keep from you.

Miss P.—How do you know, Lily? I may have kept many secrets from you. How could you tell unless you knew what the secrets were? In which case they would be no longer secrets.

Miss L.—That sounds logical; but papa says logic was not made for women; and we understand each other better, don't we? But I must not be too inquisitive. Look, aunty, up the street; there comes Mr. Manners now.

Miss P.—Yes, it is he. What a fine walk he has! And how manly and polite he is. There is a class of the clergy, Lily, who seem to have been born to rule in the society that comes within the circle of their profession—but I know by experience that they are not all of his refined

type. Men of society they are, indeed, who work for society and work upon society; who exist for, with and by society; who live and move and have their mental and moral being in society; men of society and society men. But there is one distinction to be made between these, whose social equal in every way he is, and Mr. Manners; and that is this: many of them are gentlemen when to be such is their pleasure and policy. He—he, Lily, is a gentleman at all times and to all; and those whom he has to thank for this truly saving grace are, as is most right and meet, his father and his mother.

MISS L.—And we will invite him to stay to tea, on our return from the call, won't we, aunty?

MISS P.—Yes, certainly; but ask your mother if it will be convenient?

*Enter Mr. Manners.*

How do you do, Mr. Manners?

MR. M.—And how are you, Miss Peters? And you, Miss Lilydale?

MISS P.—Well, I thank you, Mr. Manners.

MR. M.—And Mrs. Lilydale?

MISS L.—She is well, thank you. Mamma is out calling this afternoon; but will be pleased to see you on her return.

MISS P.—And I must tell you, Mr. Manners, she has gone, in the interests of the mission, to call on a family, a very desirable addition to our little congregation, which has recently come to Squantum. I want to congratulate you on having so actively engaged Mrs. Lilydale's zeal in the work.

MR. M.—I must defer to you and Miss Lilydale, next after her own good heart, in that matter, Miss Peters. And on the strength of that, I hope for Mr. Lilydale's co-operation to the extent of becoming one of the wardens of the new parish about to be organized. I am sure he cannot

resist the combined requests of the entire family to that end.

MISS L.—Oh, I am sure papa will not refuse!

MR. M.—Not if the whole world of banks and business were contending for him in opposition to his daughter's wishes.

MISS P.—In proof of which, if proof were needed, Mr. Lilydale has taken up the study of church history, and has added to his library a copy of this invaluable calendar and manual, which you have introduced among us, Mr. Manners, so greatly to our delight and edification in this sectarian wilderness. Miss Lilydale and I will soon know it by heart; and as soon as you have completed the list of all those who have attended upon your ministrations here, please order, at my expense, a copy for every family.

MR. M.—Thank you, thank you, dear Miss Peters, I will do so with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. The Bishop himself in his last letter was impressing upon me the importance of employing this very calendar as a most useful assistant in my work.

MISS L.—There, aunty; another letter from the Bishop. To-day you had one, and the other day, papa.

MISS P.—Why, Lily, he did not mention it to me!

MISS L.—So you see, aunty, others have state secrets of the Bishop's to keep, as well as you. I think it ought to be my turn next. Such a dear, good old man! I wish he would write me a letter. Then, aunty, I guess you would show me yours.

MISS P.—I see, Lily, you have the true woman's curiosity.

MR. M.—I hope his Right Reverence was kind enough to mention your humble servant and my efforts here with approval.

MISS P.—Yes—yes, Mr. Manners; assuredly, with the highest commendation. We are looking forward with

eager anticipation to his lordship's first official visit to this new field. Do you know when he intends coming?

MR. M.—I shall request him to come soon after Easter. But, speaking of visiting reminds me; Miss Lilydale and I have a visit to make, have we not, this afternoon, across town, to the unfortunate consumptive whom you have discovered to be a member of the Church?

MISS P.—And I must not detain you; for at the last report she was worse, and expressed a strong desire to see you. Come, Lily, get ready and set out.

MISS L.—Excuse me, please, a few minutes, aunty and Mr. Manners.

*Exit Miss Lilydale.*

MISS P.—My dear pastor, I feel under deep obligation and most grateful to the good God and Father above us for the blessings which have attended your coming and ministry among us; particularly those which have descended upon this dear family, whom night and day I carry in my heart. MRS. LILYDALE,—for I may speak so personally of her to you,—seems to me to be not the same woman that she was;—now, so devoted to the Church;—before so light and frivolous, if I may use that word; I do not mean in the gay and senseless fashion, but seriously frivolous;—without heart; absorbed in herself and the flatteries of the little world around us here, which pays court to her as the richest woman in the county; selfish,—forgive me, it is true,—selfish to the degree of seeming to forget at times that she has a husband, or even a dear young daughter, growing up in a maternal atmosphere of indifference, vanity and materialism, which, were it not for her father, and the generous and noble character which she inherits from him, would eventually stifle and kill her very womanhood. Oh, my dear pastor and friend, young as you are, I must confide to you my anxieties,—*the anxiety I may say*

of my life,—and tell you, as I can no one else besides the good Bishop, my hopes and fears. For I—I shall soon be gone; and Miss Lily has not a near woman friend or relative to give her a true mother's fond tenderness and care.

MR. M.—My dear, good, kind friend, Miss Peters! It is impossible not to see that you yourself have been and are all that a loving and devoted mother could be to the dear young daughter of this house. Comfort yourself with the assurance that Miss Lilydale, even should she be bereft, which God forefend, of the mother she has in you, your influence and care will still live in her filial remembrance of and affection for you; and with the fact, also, which you so well know, that her father is all that a father could or should be.

But, here she comes. I hope, too, with you, that Mrs. Lilydale may indeed have awakened to find herself a true child of the Church, and be persuaded to higher and better things.

*Re-enter Miss Lilydale.*

Are we ready, Miss Lilydale?

MISS P.—And I hope your visit will carry comfort to the poor sufferer—as much as it has brought to me.

MISS L.—Why, aunty, dear, you seem sad, and sorry,—sorry we have to go? I wish you were going too; it is so little that you have gone out anywhere, of late. But we will soon return. Good-bye for an hour.

MISS P.—Good-bye—good-bye. God bless you, my children.

*Exeunt Mr. Manners and Miss Lilydale.*

(After a minute or two the servant hears Miss Peters groaning, as in great distress, and comes into the room and finds her prostrated with a sudden attack of illness,—as heart disease. She rushes out and runs after them, and they hurriedly return to find her dying. She

*tries in vain to speak; takes Miss Lilydale's hand and the hand of Mr. Manners. In the act of endeavoring to join their hands, her strength fails, and she expires.)*

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## ACT I.

SCENE III.—Library of the Bishop of Peterton. The Bishop seated, looking over a pile of letters. He takes Miss Peters' letter and speaks:

Ah, here it is. (*Reads*) "My Right Reverend, dear Lord Bishop"—The dear, departed lady, born and reared in the Provinces,—so would she always address me; and, I must say, I rather like it,—"You are a father to your clergy,"—Yes, I try to be; but some of them I find restive under my authority, particularly that Rev. Mr. Wild. He wants me to sanction his marriage to his deceased wife's sister. Never. I would as soon think of allowing him to marry his mother-in-law. Sooner, perhaps. He deserves to be well punished.

But—where was I?—Oh—"a father to your clergy; and I, who have made you a confidant and confessor in my own life-grief, come again to you, to beg your kind and, if possible, actual concern in what I believe to be the best personal interests of our dear friend and your servant, the Reverend Mr. Manners, and of the cause which he so faithfully represents."—

Yes, I have no fault to find with Manners. He has made an excellent beginning there in Squantum.—"My own special and private solicitude, in the delicate matter to which I refer, grows out of that of my dear child, Miss Lilydale, whose sweet and gentle heart has lost itself in her spiritual adviser and guide";—Manners, you are a lucky dog, if you only knew it—"while he, a fact which adds unspeakably to my anxiety, seems, in his great devo-

tion to the church,"—true,—“wholly unconscious, and, I believe indeed is, of the sentiment with which he has inspired her.”—Too true; the church could afford to dispense with some of his devotion, in favor of the young lady.—“I therefore venture to beseech you, my dear friend and Lord Bishop, in your own careful and tactful way, to kindly approach the Reverend youth on the affair and apprize him of its present state, which makes me solicitous for Miss Lilydale’s health, and to do what you, and you alone, conscientiously and politely can, to its furtherance and success.”—And I will.—“Pardon me, my Lord Bishop, for thus intruding this delicate matter upon you; but I know you will sympathize with me in it.”—I do indeed,—“and appreciate the benefit which would, I feel sure, result to the church here through the union of the young clergyman, who is so beloved by us all, and the fortunes of the Lilydale family.

“Most sincerely, my Lord Bishop,

“Your obedient and devoted handmaid and servant,

“NANCY PETERS.”

There! I call that a wise woman. But, truly it is a most delicate matter. However, since the young man made the appointment himself to confer with me here to-day “upon a serious matter,”—his own words,—where is his letter?—(*Looking among the pile of letters.*)—here—“upon a serious matter concerning my future life and ministry, in regard to which I desire to open my mind and heart to you, my Right Reverend Father, and ask your direction and advice.”

Certainly—it must be that. Poor, dear Miss Peters! Already your prayer has been answered. The young man himself has discovered your secret of Miss Lilydale’s passion for him; and he wishes, and very rightly, too, to take his Bishop into his confidence in the affair. I wish more of my clergy, when they think of marrying, had his discre-

tion. This makes my part in it easy. Still, I do not quite see the necessity, in this most desirable instance, of his doing so, unless some difficulty has arisen—perhaps opposition on her mother's part; Mrs. Lilydale is just such a woman. We will soon know.—(*Looking at his watch.*)—He is due here now.

*Enter servant.*

SERVANT—The Reverend Mr. Manners, your Right Reverence.

BISHOP—Show the gentleman in, Esther.

*Enter Mr. Manners.*

MANNERS—Good morning, Right Reverend Bishop. I hope I find you well this morning.

BP.—Very well, I thank you. And how is the good work going on in Squantum?

M.—Most encouragingly, Bishop.

BP.—So I have heard—so I have heard, I am most pleased to assure you; the evidence of which I will presently submit to you over the signature of our late most esteemed friend and your co-worker in the field, Miss Peters.

M.—Poor, dear lady! Her death was a great loss as well as sorrow to us all.

BP.—It was indeed. And how are Mr. and Mrs. Lilydale?—a family to be carefully cultivated, as one of our most important allies in the campaign the church has undertaken there.

M.—They are indeed. But Mrs. Lilydale—well, she has grown decidedly cool toward the cause since Miss Peters left so large a part of her fortune to the church there.

BP.—I had feared as much. And how is Miss Lilydale?

M.—Miss Peters' death has seemed to affect her greatly. Her interest in the work, however, seems to have increased in proportion as Mrs. Lilydale's has diminished.

BP.—Ah—I am pleased to hear that. She gives promise

of great character, as her womanhood develops. And now be seated, my son, and freely unbosom yourself to me, your friend and Bishop, of the gentle and honorable sentiments of your heart.

M.—I—I thank you, my Right Reverend Father.

Bp.—Be seated, my son; I am glad of the confidence you repose in me concerning a matter so delicate and serious. A good wife, as the Scripture saith, is from the Lord; and her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth with the elders of the land.

M.—Please—please be so kind, Bishop, as to hear the reasons for the step I do so greatly desire to take, before subjecting it to the sarcastic—begging your pardon—censure you may now feel that it requires from you as my ecclesiastical authority and spiritual director!

Bp.—Do I then so misapprehend the nature of your visit? Speak; for I perceive that I have mistaken the motive which I was hoping had brought you hither to-day.

M.—Right Reverend Father: It has always been to me a source of regret that my churchmanship was not more strictly in accordance with that excellent pattern which you have furnished the clergy of your diocese withal. I have, however, consoled myself with the belief that we are working in essential harmony. And I have been assured, have I not, up to the present time, that my methods have obtained my Bishop's approval?

Bp.—They have—they have, indeed.

M.—To state then briefly the object of my coming to you to-day: I am desirous to join the Brotherhood of St. Athanasius, and take, in addition to the vows of my ministry, the threefold vow of poverty, obedience and chastity.

Bp. (*After a space, suddenly arising.*)—Thus—thus am I punished, and justly, for my procrastination. Alas, why did not I myself summon you to this interview before!

(*Handing him Miss Peters' letter.*)

Read that—read *that*, my son; while you excuse me for a few moments. This quite overcomes me.

*Exit Bishop.*

(*Manners reads the letter.*)

M.—Oh, my—oh, my! I see now—I understand. I guess, however, the dear old lady was more in love with me than Miss Lilydale is. But, anyhow, it's not to be thought of.

*Re-enter Bishop, with a vinaigrette, of which he inhales freely.*

I regret—I greatly regret—

Bp.—The resolution you have formed; say that—say that, my son; the resolution you have formed; commendable enough, perhaps, in itself, but most inexpedient under the circumstances.

M.—Most gladly—most gladly would I say so, if only I could. Miss Lilydale is a most estimable young lady. For her fine qualities, I can say with the poet: She is noble born; and like her true nobility she has carried herself toward me;—with so true womanliness has she concealed from me, and from every one, I am sure, excepting her intimate and discerning guardian and friend, the unhappy state of her gentle and cultured mind.

Bp.—Reconsider—reconsider, then, your resolve.

M.—If I might, perhaps; but, I have secretly plighted my troth to a bride even yet more estimable, and to whom, I believe, Miss Lilydale to be equally devoted with myself. What would she say, should she know that I had broken my engagement to the Church for a mortal, even such as she? And, upon second thought, may not her sentiments toward me be but the unconscious reflection of her love for the Church of which I am a minister?

Bp.—We will absolve you—we will absolve you, my son; we, who bind and loose with the keys of our undoubted office. But, we perceive that thou art indeed a youth, and as yet unlearned in that lore of human nature so necessary for us all to acquire. A woman who loves will forgive the man she loves anything he may do for her sake. So it is written. Besides, your reasoning of her sentiments is, we will dare warrant, the reverse of the right; and that her attachment to the Church of which you are a minister and so worthy proceeds rather from the passion with which you yourself have inspired her. But, granting the truth of your supposition, how much more effectively—this is your Bishop's opinion,—could you serve the Church, the cause of Miss Lilydale's heart *perhaps*, and of your own certainly, by uniting her devotion and her family's influence and the large fortune which will be hers with your ministry! Would she not double it? Would she not be indeed a help *most* meet for you?

M.—Not, my dear Bishop, not, according to the best of the belief and reasoning of that Apostle who both advised others and chose himself not to become entangled in the affairs of matrimony. With all possible deference and filial regard to your Right Reverend reason and authority,—none could feel more than your humble servant—I think I have him on my side in this question; particularly where he says that he that is married seeketh rather how he may please his wife. And it is not only for your personal approval of the step, that I have sought this interview this morning, but also to request that your Right Reverence will visit Squantum during the coming Easter season and there yourself induct me into the brotherhood and administer the threefold vow.

Moreover, Bishop, as I do not find in my heart a response to the personal affection for me on the part of the young lady, which Miss Peters' letter discovers, would it

not, therefore, be doing her the greatest possible wrong to gratify her with an assumed, as it necessarily would be, feeling of reciprocation?

Bp.—I will admit, young man, because I must, that this argument may be good *now*, but you yourself must also admit that it will cease to be so, if, upon further consideration, you shall find yourself irresistibly drawn to Miss Lilydale, in response to her thoughts of you, now that your own have been so focused upon her amiable and desirable person; a result which has obtained with others under like circumstances, and is not impossible, I still trust, with one even so far removed, seemingly, from hope, as you. Give it, then,—give it, I beseech you, I—your Bishop, more time—time, that great resolver of dilemmas.

M.—Ah, Bishop, I fear you do not know my convictions in this matter. I am in no dilemma.

Bp.—Still, you may yet find yourself in that predicament. While you live, and Miss Lilydale, I hope. And in the event of the worst, that is, of your taking the vow, I fear the administering of it at the Bishop's hands might be the occasion of offense to the tender consciences of those who think otherwise on the subject.

M.—But, ought not you, the Bishop, to be yourself the authority to pronounce the law in such matters of conscience?

Bp.—That may be true, in non-essentials of this nature, in which we are free to choose. And now I will tell you what I will do: Postpone this matter one month, and then if you are of the same mind,—why then, if I must I must—give it my approbation.

M.—I agree to that; and thank you, Bishop, for your forbearance and kindness, and for the time you have given me. So now I will say good-morning.

Bp.—Tarry; and take luncheon with me at the See House.

M.—I thank you—

Bp.—Oh, yes; I insist upon it. But, I say, young man, what a handsome living for two young married doves is that which our deceased friend, Miss Peters, has so handsomely provided for you and Miss Lilydale,—I am sure she had you both in her mind,—in her last will and testament! How great would be her disappointment could she know, and I believe she does,—think of that—that Miss Lilydale, as you now seem determined, will never be that mistress of the new rectory. Once more, let me urge you to reconsider your resolve. We pass out, please.

M.—After you, Bishop.

Bp.—No; after you.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Curtain.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Parlor in the home of Mrs. Jones. Present, ladies of the Guild.

MRS. WILBERFORCE WILLING (President)—The meeting will please come to order. Mrs. Secretary, please read the minutes of the last meeting.

MRS. VAN DER SMYTHE—At the last monthly meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Mission in Squantum, it was moved and seconded that the minutes of the last meeting of the Guild be accepted; which was done. The question of a name for the parish was then taken up. It was decided that lots should be cast; and two names were drawn—St. Dorcas and St. Mathew. A motion was carried to postpone decision between these two names till the next regular meeting of the Guild.

Adjourned to meet on March fourteenth, at the house of Mrs. Jones.

MARY LOUISA VAN DER SMYTHE,  
Secretary.

MRS. W. W.—If no objection is made, I will declare the minutes accepted. They are accepted. Mrs. Van der Smythe, will you please take the chair?

*(Mrs. Van der Smythe takes the chair.)*

In view of the new issues confronting us as a mission, in consequence of the death of Miss Peters, it seems incumbent upon me, as president of the Guild, to address you in regard to them. And I would say first, that as Miss Peters has been for many years a member of the Lilydale household, it seems proper that we, as a body, should pass a resolution of condolence with them on the sad event.

Such a resolution I have prepared, and, if the meeting please, will read it.

MRS. HARTSHORNE—Before doing so, I beg leave to make an observation. While I fully appreciate the president's kind motive in offering such a resolution, it seems to me that it would be wiser not to pass it. We all know how aggrieved and angry Mrs. Lilydale feels over Miss Peters' bequest to the mission of half her fortune. Knowing the lady as we do, I believe you will all agree with me that she would regard a resolution of condolence as adding insult to what she feels to be a mortal injury. You know how bitterly she has expressed her resentment toward the late Miss Peters on account of it.

MRS. JONES—Why should we stickle at that? Isn't she rich enough already?—worth a hundred thousand, if a cent! Does she want to be a second Hetty Green?

MRS. H.—Would *she*, Hetty Green, have given us a lot and five hundred dollars? Not on *your* tin-type, Mrs. Jones.

MRS. V.—I respectfully call the lady to order.

MRS. J.—Good! Thank you. I was going to say something by way of rejoinder to your reflections in my face, Mrs. Hartshorne; but I won't. You're my guest here today with the rest of us, and I'll treat you with all due hostility.

MRS. W. W.—I withdraw my suggestion.

(Resumes the chair.)

MRS. J.—I move that we now proceed to choose between the two names for the parish, St. Dorcas and St. Louis.

MRS. V.—I beg to correct Mrs. Jones. It was St. Mathew.

MRS. J.—Yes; so it was; you're right, Mrs. Van der Smythe; and I want to pay you the complaisance to say that you mostly are.

(*Looking daggers at Mrs. Hartshorne.*)

MRS. V.—I shall, however, have to ask the president to call *you* to order now, in regard to your motion.

MRS. J.—*Me?*

MRS. V.—If we are correctly informed, Miss Peters, in her last will and testament, chose herself the name for the parish; and made the acceptance of it one of the two conditions of our receiving the bequest of twenty thousand dollars—

MRS. J.—That's a good bit of money—here in Squantum.

MRS. V.—The other condition being, as you know, that we raise five hundred dollars a year toward the rector's salary.

MRS. J.—And that's more yet, when it's a question of our *paying* it.

MRS. W. W.—Will someone now move that the subject before the Guild, of a name for the new church, be waived until the announcement of the decision of the Probate Court upon the validity of the codicil to the will of Miss Nancy Peters.

MRS. V.—I make that motion.

MRS. H.—I second it.

MRS. J.—If I may be committed to speak, I believe that this is a stage in the meeting where some observances may not be in place. Am I right or wrong, Mrs. President? If I am, correct me.

MRS. W. W.—You are right, of course, Mrs. Jones; but I must also correct you. You mean to say, some observances may *be* in place.

MRS. J.—That's *just* what I said; but, it's no matter; I'm going to speak all the same. But before I do, what is that name, Mrs. Van der Smythe, that the late Miss Peters says in her will we must christen this parish?

MRS. V.—St. Calendar, I believe.

MRS. J.—So I heard; but I wanted to be sure. And now, for my part, as good as the lady was, I regard her

proposals as an indignation to the Society,—and good as her contentions mote have been, it is plain enough that she was crazy and under a hallelucination when she lit upon such a name as St. Cullender for a religious edifix. I will leave it to the learned Bishop himself if there is any such saint in the almanax. I therefore mend the motive to wave the further consideration of the name by one to reject Miss Peterses will altogether; and I hope it will be seconded.

MRS. H.—I beg leave to be heard in a few words. I hope some arrangement may be come to between the Bishop and the Probate Court in regard to the conditions which Miss Peters' bequest imposes on the mission. I quite agree with Mrs. Jones—

MRS. J.—I thank you, thank you kindly, Mrs. Harts-horne.

MRS. H.—in regard to her objection to the name; and as for the other condition, that we raise five hundred dollars a year—five hundred dollars for a new society—like ours! We can't do it—

MRS. J.—Never—never!

MRS. H.—No, not for years to come. And when we can, we shall be just as able to raise a thousand a year, which is as much as we will get together if we should accept Miss Peters' offer; and then we wouldn't need it. And as for a rectory,—what, to come right down to it, do we want of a rectory anyway? Mr. Manners is not married; and if he should get maried—

MRS. J.—I nominate Mrs. Van der Smythe.

MRS. H.—Well, I have heard that ministers never stay long in a place after they marry in the congregation; and I am sure that we here in Squantum could not support a married preacher, whoever he might be—not even with the help of Miss Peters' five hundred dollars a year, if his wife should be as extravagant as some women are whom I

know; and I have heard that the wives of Episcopal ministers are extravagant, very extravagant—fashionably, frivolously, wickedly extravagant, many of them; which is what I have to say on this occasion.

MRS. W. W.—I think a due respect for Miss Peters and her good intentions should lead to the passing of the motion before us. We understand there is some difficulty in deciphering the clause in the codicil which refers, as is reported—and we all know, we here in Squantum, how unreliable report is,—to Saint, or something, Calendar. I would respectfully suggest, that when the truth comes to be known, what Miss Peters meant to say is not Saint Calendar, but the name of some saint *in* the calendar, the almanac, of course, which the Reverend Mr. Manners has introduced among us, and to which the late deceased became so attached.

You have all heard the motion, ladies, that was made, that we waive for the present the question of a name for the new parish. All in favor say Aye.

ALL—Aye.

MRS. W. W.—It is carried.

*Enter servant.*

SERVANT—The Reverend Mr. Manners, Mrs. Jones.

*(Exclamations of surprise and pleasure.)*

*Enter Mr. Manners.*

MRS. J.—Well—this *is* a surprise. Now you *have* caught us—and as busy as bees talking. But you've come too late. I've lost my motive. But it might be worse; Mrs. Van der Smythe has carried hers.

MR. MANNERS (*After greeting the Society*)—I have just come, ladies, from the Probate Court, and bring you my congratulations. The last will and testament of Miss Nancy Peters, with the codicil thereto attached, has been admitted

to probate. A beautiful, new church and rectory, with an endowment fund, are now assured facts.

MRS. J.—Mr. Manners!

MRS. W. W.—This is indeed good news.

MRS. H.—Poor Mrs. Lilydale!

MRS. J.—Poor nobody! Why don't you go palaver to Hetty Green, and try to shed a few alligator's tears over her? I've heard she once lost her pocket-book with her car-fare in it.

MR. M.—I believe, ladies, that time will reconcile Mrs. Lilydale; particularly, when she sees how much Miss Peters' bequest will accomplish for the cause here in Squantum.

MRS. H.—And what about the conditions—have we got to accept them?

MRS. M.—Of course; or forfeit the bequest.

MRS. H.—We'll never be able to do it in this world. Raise five hundred dollars a year? And then, there's that name! Must it be St. Calendar's?

MR. M.—So the Court decides.

MRS. J.—I told you so! That's what you get for not carrying my motive. What a pity, Mr. Manners! Mrs. Van der Smythe wanted to name the church after you. And I did, too. I guess we all did—didn't we, Mrs. Van der Smythe? Anyway, it was your name.

MRS. V.—Now Mrs. Jones! It isn't necessary for me to explain Mrs. Jones' remarks, Mr. Manners. You have heard them before.

MRS. J.—You stay, Mr. Manners, after they're all gone, and I'll explain them myself. Yes, ladies, he's my guest to-night—unless Mrs. Van der Smythe persists on carrying you off with her. For of course you can't leave Squantum till to-morrow.

MR. M.—I thank you; I must accept your kind invitation, and I do so with pleasure. I came here, ladies, to

report the decision of the Probate Court, and also to invite you all to step over with me to the architect's office to look at some plans which he has kindly drawn in anticipation of the decision.

ALL—Oh, how delightful! Yes, yes; we will go over with you.

MRS. W. W.—This is very thoughtful and kind of you, Mr. Manners.

MRS. J.—But you must all come back with me to supper. You remember that was the agreement at the last meeting. I know I need not ask any of you twice, now the minister is here, too. You're what I call a drawing card, Mr. Manners—for all of us except Mrs. Lilydale; and I guess she'll come round. Lead on, pasture.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE II.—Parlor in the house of Mrs. Lilydale.  
*Enter Mrs. Lilydale and her daughter, just returning from church.*

MRS. LILYDALE—I will give you your choice: Either you will explain to me in a full and honest confession, or I will myself become confessor to your embryo priest, and he shall explain, or from his Bishop I will know the reason. Is it not enough what your family has already suffered from this Jesuit in disguise, but you must play the fool to his knave and faint dead away before everybody on seeing him take that vow this morning and join a brotherhood of monks?

MISS LILYDALE—There is nothing—there is nothing.

MRS. L.—This is only adding deceit to your already deceitful ingratitude. But—take your choice. The Bishop

fortunately is here, and I will know what he has to say, in this matter, to your Romeo of Rome.

MISS L.—He is innocent; he knows nothing; it is only myself. I will tell you all, mamma; I will truly.

MRS. L.—Very well; go on then with your confession while you are in the mood for it. I am your mother. You have nothing to fear, provided you tell me all and truly. You love, or think you do, Father Manners; that will be his title now. How long is it since this came about?

MISS L.—I do not know, mamma. I think ever since I first met him.

MRS. L.—Have you ever spoken to anyone on the subject? Or has anyone spoken of him in this relation to you?

MISS L.—Never, mamma; never.

MRS. L.—Then he has only made a dumb show of his sentiments?

MISS L.—He has no sentiments for me; none in the least that I so much as suspect—now.

MRS. L.—He might have affected them in his flirtations.

MISS L.—You do not know him, or you would not thus falsely accuse him.

MRS. L.—Do you mean to tell me, Lily, that this young man, full of pent-up life, has never offered you personal attentions which you felt at the time were meant either as serious love or flirtation? Recollect; the last two times he dined here I excused myself and you were hostess.

MISS L.—He was always very polite; nothing more.

MRS. L.—And is it for such an icicle that you lose your heart, and on his taking the vow of celibacy to which he was born your senses, too, and fall in a fit as if you were dead?

MISS L.—I cannot help it; but you said just the other thing of him just now, mamma.

MRS. L.—I—I did; but your words disprove my thoughts of him.

MISS L.—He is not an icicle; he is a gentleman.

MRS. L.—What did your Aunty Peters know of this affair?

*(Miss Lilydale weeps violently.)*

MRS. L.—Yes; of course she had a part in it. I knew it.

*(Miss Lilydale continues weeping.)*

MRS. L.—You said, Lily, that not a word on this subject had passed between you and anyone. How, then, did Miss Peters know; for I take it for granted that she did?

MISS L.—I do not know, mamma, that she did know.

MRS. L.—What, did she never speak to you of Mr. Manners as a possible or desirable lover?

MISS L.—No, never.

MRS. L.—But you believe that she knew that you had such thoughts of him?

MISS L.—Yes, I am sure she did.

MRS. L.—Did not you tell her that you did?

MISS L.—I did not. It was my own secret.

MRS. L.—I suppose she divined it. She could see with her eyes shut things that no one else could discover with them open.

I will excuse you from dinner, after the scene in church. Remember, Lily, your spiritual guide and well but unwisely beloved has taken the vow which shuts him out of your life and you out of his thoughts of you, if he ever had any, which seems more than doubtful—forever. He could never reciprocate your sentiments but as a knave, nor can you continue to feed their unhappy flame but as a little fool.

These, my child, are plain words, but true; the advice of your mother who alone loves you well enough to give it. Go to your room now and rest yourself.

*Exit Miss Lilydale.*

So this is what has happened next—Lily dead in love. First the will and the codicil leaving \$30,000 out of

the family—\$20,000 of it to the mission here, and now Lily, like Jill down the hill, goes tumbling after. Well—she won't go far. Oh, the double trouble, folly, chagrin and mortification of it! And she'll be sick over it, I can see that already; but it shall not be here in Squantum. To-morrow, pack up, and Tuesday, away to Long Branch.

*Enter Mr. Lilydale.*

MR. LILYDALE—And how, Sophronia, is our dear child? Is she very ill? What is the matter?

MRS. L.—What?—You ask what? Are you then so blind! But, I've nothing to say on that score—we've both of us been as blind as bats. Don't you know she's dead in love with Mr. Manners?

MR. L.—Pshaw—nonsense! And how long since?

MRS. L.—Ever since she first saw him,—so she confesses.

MR. L.—Poor child! What shall we do? I'll go for a doctor.

MRS. L. (*Laughing outright*)—That's just like a man. I am all the doctor she needs. You might as well send a doctor to a fire. I'll attend to the case.

MR. L.—Poor girl—poor fellow! So she is in love with him! Well—that's natural enough. Manners is all right—only for that foolish step he took this morning. Oh, what a mistake! Oh, what a delusion! Trying to revive the ancient order of monks in this year of our Lord 1900!

MRS. L.—*I am glad of it*, since Lily has fallen head over ears in love with him. And I'll tell you right here, Thompson, what I'm going to do—I'm going to leave Squantum. I'm going to Long Branch to-morrow,—and to Europe next month—

MR. L.—And to Asia the month after that—and the month after that—that'll be August—to Africa.—And where the month after that?—June, July, August, *September*,—

where in September? Perhaps though by that time you'll be on the home stretch—that is, if you intend to return at all—to ever come back!

MRS. L.—That's all very well; well said and well done on your part; but between wills and codicils and ministers I'm tired and sick of Squantum. It's killing me; and I'm going.

MR. L.—And take Lily with you?

MRS. L.—What? Since I am going on her account, you don't think I'd leave her behind, do you? Such a conclusion on your part would be right in line with your favorite observation that logic wasn't made for women.

MR. L.—Well, then, I'll go, too.

MRS. L.—How can you leave your business?

MR. L.—Take that along, too, I suppose. If I can't do that, I can leave it long enough to go after you and bring you and Lily home again.

MRS. L.—Not for a year or two—or ten. But, where did you leave the Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff?

MR. L.—I was so concerned about Lily, I excused myself and left them to follow. Here they come now. I'll run upstairs to see Lily a few minutes before dinner.

*Exit Mr. Lilydale.*

MRS. L.—Yes, indeed, I'll take her away from here. The air of Squantum is stifling me.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff, the Bishop and Mr. Manners. Mrs. Lilydale greets them, but scarcely nods to Mr. Manners.*

MRS. WAGSTAFF—Mrs. Lilydale, how is Lily? She seemed quite ill, dear child.

MRS. L.—Only another, but the severest yet, of several recent attacks of vertigo.

MRS. W.—No wonder; it was so warm in the hall. I do

hope the new church will soon be finished. The services were so unusual, too.

*(Shaking her finger at Mr. Manners.)*

BISHOP—We hope the dear young lady is not suffering at the present moment. She is a tender plant in our vineyard, and one on whom we, with yourself, Madame, have set great hopes.

MRS. L.—Thank you, Bishop, for your Grace's interest in our only child. You have quite taken us by surprise to-day,—you and Mr. Manners, with two sermons at one service, a tax on the strongest of us; together with the extraordinary ceremony that followed.

And you, sir, Mr. Manners,—Father Manners we must say now, I suppose,—have indeed taken a new departure. I hope you may have grace to perform your vows.

MANNERS—And I trust I may have your kind prayers to that end, Mrs. Lilydale.

MRS. L.—You shall have them. But I presume, sir, we shall lose you soon, in Squantum. You will scarce find this little field white for the kind of harvest for the reaping of which you have girded yourself.

*(Looking at the cord of his cassock.)*

Besides, your vow of poverty would not, I should imagine, allow you to settle down in the luxury that has been so improvidently provided for one of your brotherhood.

*Re-enter Mr. Lilydale.*

*Enter servant.*

SERVANT—Dinner is served.

MRS. L.—I believe dinner awaits us. Will you pass out, please.

*(Mrs. Lilydale takes the Bishop's arm. Mr. Lilydale gives his to Mrs. Wagstaff, and Mr. Manners and Mr. Wagstaff go out together.)*

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE III.—Mr. Manners' Room in the Theological Seminary. A knock at the door.

MANNERS—Come in.

*Enter Goodenough.*

Come in, Goodenough, and glad enough I am to see you, my good friend. It seems to me as if I had been away a month instead of a few days. You do not know how homesick I get for this little nest every time I leave it.

GOODENOUGH—Ha, Manners, Manners, after what you have just done I can believe you! Do you already regret your vow? For you look as if you had not slept for a week. Is that the rope with which you fellows ecclesiastically hang yourselves? Flagellations and all other kinds of self-inflicted penance will now be in order with you, I suppose. Let me take it and use it on you, you miserable dog of a devotee, and I will soon baste this nonsense out of you. Ah! Manners, Manners (*embracing him*), may angels indeed defend us, when ministers of grace thus abandon us broad churchmen to doubt, denial and the devil.

M.—Yet I still have hope of you, Goodenough; however your name now seems to misfit you. Wait till you get to be a bishop, and see how the scales will fall from your eyes!

G.—Yes, if you base your prophecy on the Bishop of Peterton, I should say they would. But I don't happen to be that kind of a fish. If I should ever be called to succeed to his mitre, you would do well to be let down from the walls of my episcopal castle in a basket by night and flee to the farthest desert. That's the place for all of your anti-matrimonial fraternity; where you can browse on roots along with the other wild asses, and wash yourselves with sand, as do the howling dervishes. I presume your

order doesn't think it a crime to take a sand-bath. You are fastidious now, my boy; but remember your ancient, conventional ancestry, and henceforth beware of soap and water, or they'll appear to you from out of the catacombs and ostracize you as a heretic. Come, tell me about the ceremony of your induction, and how you got through it.

M.—Oh, it passed off all right. The Bishop seemed somewhat embarrassed, but he got through it with his usual grace and dignity.

G.—I suppose he thought if you chose thus to make a martyr of yourself, he could live through it, as it wasn't his funeral. And how did the congregation take it?

M.—Without much of a flutter. Two or three ladies went out. I suppose the suddenness of it to them affected them somewhat.

G.—How about the young lady who fainted dead away, and was carried out in her father's arms?

M.—Goodenough!

G.—Well?

M.—You surprise me!

G.—Isn't it true?

M.—But how do you know? You were not there.

G.—But I was well represented.

M.—How? By whom? Stop!—wait!—I know!—the widow!—Mrs. Van der Smythe, who entertained us that Sunday you went up there with me. She has written you already?

G.—And why not? We have been corresponding ever since. And I am going up there again to see her, if you please, Mr. Monk Manners. It is barely possible you may have the pleasure and honor, if so sensible a lady as she deems a sworn, woman-hating candidate for the bedlam of twentieth century monasticism worthy of that honor, of inducting us into the vow of matrimony some day. Oh,

there's no engagement yet! Well—wouldn't you congratulate me if there was?

M.—I can only say, with another widow,—or spinster was she?—I have read of. This is so sudden! I have been half in love with her myself.

G.—Well—you probably know the lady well enough, then, to know that she wants no half-way lover. And if she did, she wouldn't suit me. I feel quite easy now, Manners, as regards any possible rivalry of yours. I can safely dilate on Mrs. Van der Smythe's charms to you now, can't I, old boy? Say, Manners, *isn't* she charming—*isn't* she *lovely*?

M.—Don't, don't, Goodenough. You know I can't discuss such subjects now.

G.—And all I can say, Manners, is, I'm sorry for you; and I say it from the bottom of my heart. You know I love you, and respect whatever you love, even to a monk's frock. But I respect a woman's more. Come; I have some good old port that was sent me for Christmas in my room, and we'll celebrate your revival of the ancient and festive brotherhood with a bottle.

M.—I thank you, my dear fellow. I could not to-night. I am not in the mood. You will forgive me for declining, won't you? Your happy spirits are infectious, but not enough so to dispel the decidedly blue humor that has come over me.

G.—It isn't the confession about the widow that I have just made to you, is it? You will have to get used to hearing confessions of that kind and more serious, later, as you know.

M.—Oh, no; not that—not that!

G.—Maybe, to make a wild guess, the case of the young lady, Miss Lilydale, who seemed to be so deeply affected by your renunciation of the fair sex, has something to do with it. Hey, Manners? Come, cheer up. Get used to it.

That vow of yours will have more than one broken heart to answer for before you have turned all the clocks in Episcopal steeples back a thousand years. I'm not going to leave you in this despondency over the outlook; and so, if you will not come to my room, I'll bring my room to you. Excuse me a minute.

*Exit Goodenough.*

M.—I wonder if Mrs. Van der Smythe really suspects the truth in the case of Miss Lilydale. If she does, I can trust her good sense not to talk of it. But if any of the others imagine what was the matter with the young lady, in less than a week Squantum will be alive with gossip over the unfortunate affair.

*Re-enter Goodenough, with the bottle and glasses.*

G.—Here, now, Manners, don't make the good monks of old ashamed of you already, by refusing to join them—I feel their presence all around us here—and me in a little celebration of the event, befitting the jovial traditions of your brotherhood. For, you remember—

*(Filling the glasses.)*

So sat they once at Christmas,  
And bade the goblet pass.  
In their beards the red wine sparkled,  
Like dew drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaff;  
They drank to Christ the Lord;  
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
Who had preached His holy word.

They drank to the saints and martyrs,  
Of the dismal days of yore;  
And as soon as the bowl was empty,  
They remembered one saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
Like the murmur of many bees,  
The legend of good St. Guthlac,  
And St. Basil's homilies.

Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the yule-log cracked in the chimney;  
And the Abbot bowed his head;  
And the flamelets flapped and flickered;  
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore;  
For they cried: "Fill high the goblet!  
We must drink to one saint more."

I tell you, Manners, if I had lived then, I would have been a monk, too. But now—in this twentieth century—*excuse me*. I should wake up out of that dream of yours over the Middle Ages, to find myself as dead as that same Father Abbot. And you're dead, too. Manners—dead to the fair widow,—but that part of it is all right—dead and buried; *mortuus et sepultus*; only stay so; I give your remains my blessing: peace to those ashes;—dead to the lovely Miss Lilydale, who is dying for you.—ah, that's a quite different story;—dead to the world—

M.—No, no! Not yet, Goodenough; not on one bottle!  
G.—I'll bring another.

M.—I thank you; no; no more. But on the occasion of your wedding, when you marry the fair widow, I will pledge your happiness and hers in a glass of that same red wine which those good monks knew so well how to drink.

G.—And you shall be there to tie the knot. In this I can speak for Mrs. Van der Smythe. I know how much she likes you—platonic, Manners,—only platonic; never forget that. And now, good-night, my dear fellow. I know you must be tired. But don't dream about the widow; this I must forbid you.

M.—Good-night—good-night. Come in and awaken me in the morning, if I oversleep.

*Exit Goodenough.*

*(Manners reclines on his couch, and seems to be lost in a reverie. From the campus outside a quartette of male voices, accompanied by a banjo, is heard, singing. The voices are first heard in the distance; they come near and recede. As they approach, he rises, walks toward the window and speaks:)*

“If music be the food of love, play on.”

*(He reclines again; falls asleep and dreams.)*

#### SONG.

’Twas a calm, still night, and the moon’s pale light  
Shone soft o’er hill and vale,  
When friends, mute with grief, stood around the death-bed  
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale.

#### CHORUS.

Oh, Lily, sweet Lily, dear Lily Dale!  
Now the wild rose blossoms o’er the little, green grave  
Of my dear, lost Lily Dale.

Her cheeks that once glowed with the roses of health,  
By the touch of decay were turned pale;  
And the death dews had gathered on the pure, white brow  
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale.

CHORUS.

Oh, Lily, dear Lily, sweet Lily Dale!  
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er the little, green grave  
Of my dear, lost Lily Dale.

*(Dream produced on stage.)*

*(He is in a cemetery and hears a voice calling: "Here—this way—here—I am here." It leads him to a vault. He approaches the door. As he places his hand on the grating, a face—Miss Lilydale's, is pressed against it, and she says: "I knew you would come; I am here waiting." With these words she thrusts her hand through the bars and seizes his arm. He speaks: "Oh, not you, Lily Lilydale!—you—dead!" He falls.)*

*(End of dream.)*

*(He awakes; rises, and speaks.)*

Heavens! What a fearful dream!  
God help you; and if I have done you wrong, however innocently, help me, too, sweet Lily Lilydale!

*(Falls back upon the couch.)*

*Curtain.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Parlor in the home of Mrs. Van der Smythe.

*Enter Mrs. Van der Smythe and Mr. Manners.*

MRS. V.—I was sure you would not keep away this time, Father Manners. Your new light must be shining; and you know how both needed and welcome it is here.

M.—But it is not so very long since that solar luminary, the Bishop himself, was risen high upon you.

MRS. V.—*High* indeed; so high, I fear, that it withered more than one of the fair flowers of your garden here.

M.—But I felt that I had your approval in the step, Mrs. Van der Smythe.

MRS. V.—You did, sir. And as you, from having been an uncertain moon, have become a steady planet in the Church's firmament, I shall hereafter regard you as my religious star, and always sing to you my vesper hymn, "Star of Hope to Wanderers Weary."

M.—I presume you feel that you can sing all the old songs *now*. Won't you sing one of them for me?

MRS. V.—Before you go, I will do so, with pleasure, and when you are beyond my horizon again, as you have been for so long of late, you will at least remember how it sounds from my voice. But why "*now*"? You seem to emphasize that word?

M.—I will answer you that question by asking another: Where is Goodenough?

MRS. V.—You think he has something to do with the old songs—my singing them *now*?

M.—Unless I pay myself the left-handed compliment to suppose that it is in consequence of my having become an impossible suitor since I have turned monk.

MRS. V.—Father Manners, I have something to say to you on that subject, though not with reference to myself. But to answer your question: Mr. Goodenough has just gone over to Mr. Lilydale's to see you. I wonder you did not meet him.

M.—He must have taken another street.

MRS. V.—He will soon return. But I am, still, more devoted to you than you deserve. Will my continued devotion be of any inspiration to you in your new departure?

M.—You can judge of that from the past. Do you not think that you have ever been an inspiration and help to me?

MRS. V.—Much indeed, if your thoughts of me had anything to do with your taking the vow of celibacy.

M.—You know, on the contrary, they could only have been a hindrance to that. But, indeed, you have ever been a help to me.

MRS. V.—Not much help, I fear; but—inspiration? Perhaps. Do you call it *inspiration*?

M.—Is there any better word, save indeed one? But I cannot speak that now, much as I would like to.

MRS. V.—I see, Father Manners, that all moral events require time for the changes they make to become manifest. Yet it may be because your new light shines in a still prevailing darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not.

M.—It is rather because of the superior brightness which just here and now it so vainly contests.

MRS. V.—I must reward you for that compliment, the last, I suppose, I shall ever receive.

M.—The last I shall dare offer; since Goodenough has entered this field of conquest.

MRS. V.—And why not, as you have abandoned it? (*Offering him a flower.*) Is it against your newly adopted principles to accept this?

M.—We will suppose it to be; and in that case you can fasten it in its place yourself.

MRS. V.—What a terrible casuist you will become; like the rest of your fellow Jesuits! And as this is the last such favor I shall dare offer, I will pin it right over your heart, if you have one left under that monk's gown.

M.—The yellow, golden rose—which does it mean in this instance, jealousy or desertion?

MRS. V.—Desertion, of course, for me; but what right can you now have to be jealous? Father Manners, do you know you are a very lively *corpus—corpus delicti*, I should call you—for one now some two months buried! Let me tell you, it was only a case of suspended animation. Be thankful that your grave is above ground. You have survived one death. You will not die young.

M.—But, graves above ground are built of—

MRS. V.—of granite, and have doors to them. But what is it? Have I spoken too freely? Have I offended you? You seem hurt.

M.—Oh, no, no! Pardon me. It is a passing thought. I have reminded myself of a dreadful dream. Heavens! will I never forget that dream?

MRS. V.—Pardon *me*. I spoke thoughtlessly. But dreams should be interpreted by contraries. Let me do so for you—unless it would depress you to tell it. Never mind; let it pass. I will help dispel it by singing for you and to you my vesper hymn.

M.—Thank you. It is just what I need.

(*Mrs. V. goes to the piano and sings.*)

#### VESPER HYMN.

Star of hope to wanderers weary,  
Bright the beams that fall on me,  
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
Far, far at sea.

Star of peace, gleam on the pillow;  
    Bless the soul that sighs for thee;  
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
    Far, far at sea.

Star of faith, when winds are mocking  
    All his toil, he flies to thee,  
Save him on the billows rocking,  
    Far, far at sea.

Star of love, oh, safely guide him,  
    Bring the wanderer home to thee.  
Sore temptations long have tried him,  
    Far, far at sea.

M.—It is beautiful. You know Mrs. and Miss Lilydale have sailed for Europe?

Mrs. V.—Yes; Mr. Lilydale told me; and that you went with him to see them off.

M.—I did. And this time I saw them. For, what do you think! Twice I had been down to the Branch to see them, and the first time Mrs. Lilydale, who cut my call very short, excused Miss Lily; and the second time, refused to see me herself or allow Miss Lily to.

Mrs. V.—Father Manners, I have always suspected you had something to do with their going away from Squantum.

M.—You did?

Mrs. V.—I did.

M.—I hope you are the only one.

Mrs. V.—Why? Is it true? You do not answer.

M.—Please do not ask me.

Mrs. V.—Father Manners! Don't let me think that!

M.—How could I help it?

MRS. V.—Then it *is* true? I am so sorry—sorry for *you*, I mean, Father Manners.

M.—Tell me what you mean. I do not understand you. Don't think—that I—

MRS. V.—That *you*—? Oh, no! of course *not*. You never led the heart of that sweet, innocent, young girl on to believe that you loved her! What matters it—*our* flirtation—or, if you choose, folly, serious or trifling, whichever it was? All the censure of it I would willingly bear, and more—a thousand times more, to still have kept you the ideal of my heart—yes, I have said it, of my *heart*!

M.—Hear me—hear me, my good, dear, true friend! Your best of all good hearts goes before your judgment in thus condemning me. I have not spoken yet.

MRS. V.—What have you to say? What *can* you say?

M.—What? This—that, before God, who is my judge, I am as innocent of blame for Lily Lilydale's passion for me as you yourself are.

MRS. V.—Then she indeed loves you? And how then do you know it?

M.—Yes, unhappy girl, she loves me; according to the testimony of Miss Peters, who took upon herself the avowal of her passion for me to the Bishop, pleading with him to bring it to my knowledge, and become the intermediary between us. It was the first, last and only and all-absorbing desire and passion of the old lady's last days to see us married. She declared it in so many words in her letter to the Bishop.

MRS. V.—And he told you?

M.—Yes, after I had determined to take the vow.

MRS. V.—And you had no suspicion of it before?

M.—Upon my honor, not the least.

MRS. V.—I believe you; and also for the reason that it is not like you not to have responded to the passion for

you of so lovely a girl as she. But where were your eyes—and your thoughts?

M.—As regards your sex, wherever my eyes were, you know well where my thoughts were; and where they were, there, I presume, my eyes were, too;—just where you would have them and where they are now—looking—gazing, rather, at *you*.

Mrs. V.—Shut them; shut them forever. Your friend, Goodenough, and I are engaged.

M.—I thought as much. I congratulate you both. I know of no one who could make you so happy, or whom I would so little regret to see your husband.

Mrs. V.—It is well. Come, now; tell me your dream. I must hear it, whether it distresses you or not. You will make this last, slight sacrifice for me.

M.—It is not foreign to the subject we are talking of. I seemed to be in a cemetery and hear a voice calling me. It led me to a granite vault. Upon approaching the grated door I saw the ghostly form of a young girl within. It was Lily Lilydale. As I laid my hand upon the grating she seized it and said: "I knew you would come; I am here waiting for you."

Mrs. V.—And what then?

M.—Then I fainted; and awoke.

Mrs. V.—You will marry her yet.

M.—Do you think so?

Mrs. V.—It won't be my fault, if you do not.

M.—My vow! I might, if it were not for that, now that you are engaged to Jack.

Mrs. V.—I venture on the prophecy, anyway. It won't be the first one to come true. When did you have that dream?

M.—About two months ago.

Mrs. V.—Can't you fix the exact date?

*(Going to her writing desk.)*

M.—It was the night I returned to the seminary, after the Sunday I joined the Brotherhood.

Mrs. V.—That was the first day of May—unlucky month! You returned Monday?

M.—No; on Tuesday.

Mrs. V.—Here is the letter.

"LONG BRANCH, May 4th.

*"Dear Mrs. Van der Smythe:*

"Our hurried departure from Squantum must be my apology for not having called to say good-bye to you, and also for asking you to increase my already great obligations to your kindness by asking you to look after one or two matters that I forgot."

I will pass these over; they are of no interest to us.

"Lily's indisposition continues. Last night she lay in a profound swoon for a whole hour—from eleven to twelve o'clock, a faint pulse being the only sign of life. Of course we were all terribly alarmed; but to-day she seems to be quite herself again.

"I have fully determined, if she is equal to the journey, to go to Europe next month.

"Thanking you again for your kind attention to the above matters, believe me, Sincerely yours,

## “SOPHRONIA LILYDALE.”

There! At what hour did you have the dream?

M.—It was about eleven, or shortly after.

MRS. V.—While she was in the trance—profound swoon, her mother calls it—in which her spirit passed to yours, and, finding it in a receptive state, communicated her suffering to you. I know something of such occurrences; and have as much faith in them as you have in your orthodoxy.

M.—It is an interesting coincidence.

MRS. V.—Now, Father Manners, I have a very personal and pertinent question to ask you. But before I do, I will preface it with the observation that during the last few

weeks a soft and sweet vein of feeling has qualified your sermons, which theretofore rang with echoes of "From all false doctrine, heresy and schism, good Lord deliver us."

M.—I was not myself aware of it.

Mrs. V.—Which only goes to show the genuine nature of your conversion—change of *heart*, shall I call it? I wish I could claim the credit of it,—after what is first due yourself.

M.—I will readily grant it you, Mrs. Van der Smythe, provided you will prove your claim valid by a sermon itself on charity, the original of which the new version translates love, from your own lips.

Mrs. V.—We women are not allowed, even by the new version, to speak in church.

M.—I did not say that you should *pronounce* the discourse. I have seen the eloquence of more than one in your eyes,—pardon the directness of the compliment. But it is to your lips, not your eyes, that I am now referring.

Mrs. V.—Your argument I take to be that if a woman cannot speak in church, she can at least declare herself out of it?

M.—I never heard that statement of the proposition denied, except when she herself refuses—

Mrs. V.—I think I see your drift. I will tell you what I will do: Make me your mother confessor now, and I will give you the sermon you are asking for in the form of a kiss from my own lips; but, mind you, a kiss of absolution. And, if this is not enough, when you get married, which, to my mind, in your case, will be the surest way of keeping that vow you have taken, I will reserve one for you of a different quality, and deliver it on the occasion. For I am sure I shall be denied the privilege ever afterward. Tell me, then, Father Manners; *do you not love Lily Lilydale?* I understand the language of your silence to answer yes.

M.—It is a confession; I claim the seal of forgiveness promised.

*(She kisses him.)*

MRS. V.—And since when?

M.—Consciously, since I had the dream,—unconsciously, I believe, ever since I first knew her.

MRS. V.—The blessed gospel of our humanity, in all its divineness, has at last come into your heart for good and for all, I trust, my dear boy.

M.—I shall never forget who taught me its first lesson.

MRS. V.—And may the second one have no ending. You will marry Lily Lilydale.

M.—More confession: I have actually been thinking of that possibility.

MRS. V.—Possibility! Certainty, when I take a hand in the auguries. Here comes Jack now. I hear his voice, and Mr. Lilydale with him. I am going to present to him his future son-in-law.

*Enter Goodenough and Mr. Lilydale.*

GOODENOUGH—Yes, here he is, keeping my place warm for me.

MRS. V.—And why not, when you leave it so long vacant? Good evening, Mr. Lilydale. Father Manners and I were just discussing some matters of mutual, all around interest to us.

MR. LILYDALE—Your engagement, I presume, of which I have just heard through Mr. Goodenough; with your permission, he adds. Accept my sincerest, heartiest, best congratulations.

MRS. V.—Thank you—thank you. Not so much that as another, of more interest to you. *I* call it an engagement. I think it will pass for such, with your sanction, which I bespeak for it in advance. Allow me, Mr. Lilydale, to present to you your future son-in-law, Mr. Mathew Louis Manners.

MR. L.—I don't undertake to dispute Mrs. Van der Smythe's word in anything she says; and to everything she says I declare myself agreed. I thought you seemed to forget yourself, Father Manners, in your devoted attentions to Lily the day they sailed; and I did my best to keep Mrs. Lilydale busy saying good-bye to me. You're all right, Manners, only you've got off on the wrong track, but I'll do my best to help you get back.

M.—Mr. Lilydale, Mrs. Van der Smythe is right. Her intuitive understanding of us subjects of the male sex has divined and won from me my secret of the past two months, that I am in love with your daughter; and it was my purpose to declare myself to you and ask your consent to my intentions.

MR. L.—And really, Mr., I should say Father, Manners, you surprise me. But do not misunderstand the nature of my surprise. It is most agreeable to me, I assure you. I know no young man whom I would so soon welcome to be my son-in-law. But, your vow, Father Manners? How about that?

M.—That, I know now, was a mistake. But, happily, not all things that are done cannot be undone.

MR. L.—And have you given that difficulty the conscientious consideration so doubly due? What if this step should be a mistake, too?

M.—Ah, yes; I have also thought of that. Well, if Miss Lilydale declines the offer which I desire at the first opportunity to make, I can only remain as I am.

MR. L.—I did not mean that; I referred only to your own mind in the matter.

M.—And very rightly, Mr. Lilydale. For yourself, I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, and on my faith as a Christian man, that whereas I was mistaken before, I am sure of the correctness and decisiveness of my present motive; while for Miss Lilydale, be assured, sir, that if I

can give her no proof of my motive deeper or more characteristic of a lover than the word of a Christian and a gentleman, she will not consider my suit for a moment.

MR. L.—That is quite satisfactory, Mr. Manners. But should you not confer with the Bishop first? Would it not be proper, in case of your suit being accepted, to undo your vow as publicly as it was done?

M.—It certainly would; and it shall be so unsaid.

MR. L.—But what if the Bishop should refuse to release you?

M.—If you knew, Mr. Lilydale, the reluctance with which he at first heard my declared intention to take the vow, you would have no doubt of his readiness to free me from it.

MR. L.—I have no doubt of what you say of his willingness, so far as you yourself are concerned in the unsaying of it. But he may dislike to place himself in so contradictory a position. If I understand the Right Reverend T. Titus Peterton, he is not a man who often forgets himself.

M.—Very true; but I will in a day or two satisfy you of that over his own signature. I will communicate with him at once.

MR. L.—Very well, sir; and you have here both my hands and my best wishes now, as you shall have my cordial, fatherly blessing on your union with my dear daughter, should she receive you as an accepted suitor for her hand and heart. But when do you intend to propose to her?

M.—As soon as I can get there, thanks to the favor with which you smile upon my suit. But I shall have to ask you, as the treasurer of the parish, to advance me a quarter's salary.

MR. L.—No difficulty about that. Will you sail this week?

M.—On Wednesday.

MR. L.—They will stop a week in England, where they have just about arrived; then a week at Boulogne-sur-Mer. You will probably find them there. Mrs. Lilydale's banker in London will be able to inform you exactly of their whereabouts.

MRS. V.—Look here, Mr. Lilydale. Jack and I have just settled that we will be married Wednesday morning, in New York, and go on our wedding trip to the Paris Exposition; and we are not going to leave you behind, either. You must, you must go, too. I have an inkling that you may be needed. First, Mr. Manners will appear upon the scene; then you; and then Jack and I. Won't that be just killing?

MR. L.—I guess it will be kill or cure. But, bless me, you take me off my feet! I find myself powerless in this rapid current of new and surprising events. And I think you are right. You women when you get your caps set, I mean your thinking caps, are wiser than Solomon—and I may add in this instance, as glorious as Sheba. I'll telegraph for staterooms to-night.

GOODENOUGH—The bridal suite for us.

MR. L.—And congratulations all around. With Lawyer and Mrs. Jones in Ireland, and the rest of us in France, Squantum will be indeed doing Europe.

MRS. V.—And doing herself proud.

*Curtain.*

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### ACT III.

SCENE II.—Reception-room in hotel at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

*Present, Mr. Manners. Enter Miss Lilydale.*

MANNERS—Miss Lilydale—I have come a long way to ask you if I may call you Lily—and my wife? My darling,

my darling girl, woman, wife! Say yes, Lily; my fair, sweet Lily. Only yes; tell me—tell me yes.

MISS LILYDALE—How were it possible? You have another bride—*wife*. You were, or should have been, so constant to her. Can you be to us both?

M.—I can; I will; I am. You mean the Church. I fancied there could be a corporate union of the living, the vital with the bloodless, the incorporeal. I awoke from my delusion to find, like Leonora, a vested ghost in my arms, and what should have been the warm, natural day, a cold, unearthly moonglare. I thought of you. Love came to me, not with you transformed to his likeness, but being himself transfigured to yours. I began to dream of you; and in the dream of you to live my true life; even as in the thought of you I was ceasing to live the other that I was finding to be false. So I ripened into a lover; your lover, Lily, my own Lily. Could I not continue to love you, I should hate the Church. Had I not loved you I should have been unworthy the Church, too. She, or rather it, so impersonal the Church now seems, may be a sister, possibly a mother to me; if there can be enough in common between ecclesiasticism—I do not say religion, I have learned to distinguish between religion and ecclesiasticism—between ecclesiasticism and nature to justify these figures; but never a bride. Tell me yes, Lily—tell me—

MISS L.—You must see mamma, now, my darling Louis,—Louis my own, my boy. I will ring for the maid, and you shall ask for her.

*Enter servant.*

*Mr. Manners hands her his card for Mrs. Lilydale.*

*Exit servant.*

MISS L.—Did you have any difficulty in finding us?

M.—Your banker in London gave me straight directions to you here.

MISS L.—I am so glad for your sake, my darling, that your card came directly to me here, and was not intercepted as it was at Long Branch. But, as I received your letter, I was looking for you, and nothing could have kept you from me now. But I am too happy to remember the unhappy past. I have always loved you, and I have you now at last, my darling. Possession, I have heard dear papa say, is nine points of the law anyway.

M.—And with his help, if help should be further needed, we will make sure of the tenth and last.

*Enter Mrs. Lilydale.*

MRS. LILYDALE—Is this the viscount?

M.—And who is the viscount, Lily?

MRS. L.—Is it thus familiarly, sir, that you address my daughter? Right here and now I demand, which I should have done long ago, an explanation from you, Father Manners. You have been the *bête noir* of the Lilydale family long enough for an explanation to be in order. But, before you speak, you, Miss Lilydale, may withdraw to your room. Don't you think, sir, it would have been common politeness,—this, at least, I had the right to expect from you,—for you to have asked for Mrs. Lilydale before seeing my daughter? I say I am waiting for an explanation. Do you hear me, Miss Lilydale? You may withdraw.

M.—I have no explanation to make, madam, which shall not be heard by your daughter, also; whom I address thus familiarly because I have the right to do so, having just now acquired it from her herself, as I had previously from her father; from whom, by the way, I have a letter to Mrs. Lilydale (*handing it her*); and also one to Miss Lilydale. So full an explanation from me may not be required after you will have read Mr. Lilydale's letter; I will, therefore, if you wish, wait till you have done so.

MISS L.—Mamma, mamma dear, I allowed you yesterday to be deceived; forgive me, and hear from me the ex-

planation for which you ask. It is very simple and brief. We are engaged; nor has there been anything secret in our love, except what you have shut your eyes to and made a secret for yourself. I was not open with you about the letter yesterday,—the only letter, darling, is it not, that I have received from you?—and it was because your attitude toward Louis drove me to equivocation.

MRS. L.—What! and so you have become *engaged* without consulting me either?

MISS L.—Yes, mamma, and for the same sufficient reason.

M.—I would have sought your consent, Mrs. Lilydale, even as I have already Mr. Lilydale's, had you permitted me to do so. It is for this that your daughter, as well as I, has now sought you. She asks it; I too ask it now, Mrs. Lilydale. Let us be friends. I think your husband's letter will satisfactorily explain everything relating to myself and my intentions.

MRS. L.—It is wicked! it is a conspiracy! it is robbery! and I renounce you both!

M.—In that case, Mrs. Lilydale, you throw your daughter here upon my hands, and it will be necessary for her father to come over and *chaperon* her until the marriage can take place.

(*Mrs. Lilydale becomes hysterical and abandons herself to her feelings.*)

*Enter Mr. Lilydale.*

MR. LILYDALE—My dear daughter! Louis! And my dear wife!

(*Raising her up. She, weeping upon his shoulder.*)

MRS. L.—You here, too! How is it that you have been so impatient to join us? Why did you not wait till we had finished our tour and were ready to return with you? Did you think that I was so impatient to get back to Squantum?

What have I to return to Squantum for? I was never happy there, and shall be miserable, and only miserable now. If you have come for Lily, take her. I will stay here. At any rate, I will not go back to Squantum.

MR. L.—My dear, dear wife, you are distressed and nervous, and I can easily understand why. If I should give way to my own feelings under the surprises and anxieties that have happened, one after another, during the past year, I should be in a fair way to become an invalid and a prey to melancholy. I do not ask you to go back to Squantum; neither can we for good reasons, and reasons, in view of her delicate health, for which we ought to be thankful, ignore our daughter's unwillingness to remain abroad the coming year. I have a new proposition to make: substitute Florida for Italy; it is so much nearer home! You had almost determined, at one time, to go South, instead of going to Europe. Besides, you and Lily will find old acquaintances and friends there, whom you may not meet in Italy. Fate is stronger than mortals. Let us not expend what hope and happiness we have in contending against it.

MRS. L.—I suppose you mean also that it is the ordering of Fate that we should go to Florida. I have to be resigned to the greater fatality; I might as well accept the lesser. But do not deceive yourself into believing that I fail to recognize you as the impersonation of the Fate of which you speak. Had your part in the affair been other than it has; that is, had you acted with me, it would not have come to its present issue.

MR. L.—Possibly not; but remember there are other deplorable issues to which it might have come instead. Moreover, while it is written that a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, it is nowhere written, either in nature or revelation, that a man shall cleave unto his wife at the sacrifice of his child.

MRS. L.—Is she not *my* child also? Which sacrifice themselves for their children—fathers or mothers? And which one of us is making that sacrifice now? It is all right in your eyes, but not in mine.

MR. L.—If in this instance where all things else are indifferent, your daughter's good be not the chief and only right, then there is nothing of right or wrong concerned.

MRS. L.—I do not see it in that light.

MR. L.—Precisely; that is the whole difficulty. I would not imply the possibility of any difference in our affection for our daughter, but there is a difference in our judgment regarding that which is most conducive to her welfare and happiness—a difference, my dear Sophronia, of the head only, not at all of the heart. You concede, do not you, that the man is head over the woman. Otherwise, in every family there would be two heads, as there also are in so many notwithstanding, and consequent dissension and anarchy.

MRS. L.—It is not worth while for us to argue this question. I agree with you that there are organic differences and difficulties, too, where there should be none. To quote from your own favorite wisdom: “In every contest the weaker goes to the wall.”

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough.*

MR. L.—Ah, here are our friends—

MRS. L.—Mrs. Van der Smythe! Are you—are you in this plot, too! Or am I dreaming or out of my senses?

MRS. GOODENOUGH—My dear Mrs. Lilydale, how do you do? The strange things that seem to be happening have overtaken me also. Present me, or us rather, Mr. Lilydale, please.

MR. L.—Oh, ah, yes; I came near forgetting. Wife, this is not Mrs. Van der Smythe; she is now Mrs. Goodenough—Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough, Mrs. Lilydale.

MRS. G.—Yes, Mrs. Lilydale; and we are on our way to

the Paris Exposition on our wedding trip; and of course had to call in to see you and Lily. Where is she?

(*Mr. Manners and Miss Lilydale advance from the inner reception-room.*)

Here she comes, and Mr. Manners. How do you do, both? Are congratulations in order?

MRS. L.—So you know—so you *are* in the plot, Mrs.—Mrs. Goodenough—you—the best friend I had in Squantum!

MRS. G.—And for that very reason, Mrs. Lilydale. Your best friend also everywhere and always, Mrs. Lilydale. Lily, I never saw you looking so beautiful—just as your mother did when she was married.

MRS. L.—You may reserve your compliments for Lily, Mrs. Goodenough, and excuse me, please.

(*She starts as if to leave the room.*)

*Enter Lawyer and Mrs. Jones, loaded with valises, satchels and boxes.*

MRS. JONES—Fathers alive! Am I back in Squantum, or where am I? Joshua! Do you see them?—Mrs. Lilydale! Father Manners! Mr.—

MRS. L.—Go away—go away, woman!

MRS. J.—“Woman”! “Woman”! This to me, Mrs. Lilydale! Your only friend, I was going to say, in Squantum; but I won’t say it; when I’ve stopped here, too, all the way from Ireland on my way to the great Paris Imposition!

MRS. L.—Take me back, Thompson! Take me back to Squantum. This finishes Europe for me!

MRS. J.—And you, too, Mrs. Van der Smythe! And Father Manners with his arm around Lily Lilydale!

M.—A slight mistake, Mrs. Jones—

MRS. J.—Yes; it looks so, from the disappearance.

M.—I mean, this is Mrs. Goodenough;—Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough, Mrs. Jones.

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MRS. J.—What does it all mean? That satchel, Joshua!  
—my smelling-bottle! I believe I'm going crazy!

*(Mrs. Lilydale faints.)*

MISS L.—O papa! mamma has fainted!

*(Rushes to her mother.)*

Poor mamma! dear mamma!

*Curtain.*

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